

What does it mean to have a fair life? I suppose that I am quite lucky to be driven to and from school almost every day; to have the financial ability to go for tuition, dance and piano classes; to have parents that take care of my physical and emotional health. I suppose, this is the reason why I have never faced great adversity in my life before.

Nevertheless, when I entered Secondary 2, I became more interested in meeting new friends and wearing more fashionable clothes. However, I was bombarded by strict rules enforced in the family: No dating before university. Always report to us where you are. Do not wear revealing clothes. I hated these rules. I felt that these rules were tearing me down and restricting my freedom. I suppose, this was the start of my adolescence.

I continued to hate life until I met a friend called Samantha through a church camp. We were acquaintances and served together in the ministry. She was a cheerful and humorous girl, so I had never expected that she was facing such a crisis in her life. The first night when we were bunking together, Samantha confided in me about her harrowing life at home. To my horror, Samantha said that her father had had an affair with another woman, and when the cat was let out of the bag, her mother was furious. In the end, she initiated a separation which gave them 3 years to decide whether they wanted to divorce each other. During the separation, life at home became cold and hard. Like the old saying goes, “Hell hath no fury like a woman scorned.” Her mother was hardly at home and her father had long “escaped” out of the house to seek shelter from his wife’s scornful chidings. Nowadays, Samantha’s mother always bellows, “If I ever catch you communicating or going out with the ***** animal, be prepared to pack your bag and leave the house.”

Being a Christian, Samantha certainly had to ask God for strength and resilience to overcome this emotional nightmare. Being the eldest of four children, Samantha has the responsibility to take care of her three siblings and make sure they are not hurt. The truth is, she is still secretly meeting her father, but she has no courage to tell her mother the truth and beg for her to forgive her father. Samantha cried to me, “I’m in a dilemma. I don’t know how to tell her the truth.”

Now that I think of it, I am really a lot more fortunate than Samantha as I do not have to grapple with any tormenting circumstances in my life. I suppose I shouldn’t complain so much about not being able to break free from my parents’ wrap. I should think that at least my parents still love each other. I should think that the demanding rules are a sign of their care and concern for me, and if my parents did not care for me, they would not spend so much time and effort on my well-being. I should think that we should think that life is fair. Really, I should treasure my family when I can, which is now. Samantha, I wish you all the best.